

NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1883.

THERE'S NO USE IN LOOKING BACK.

There's no use in looking back
Over the way that we have traveled,
There's no use in going over
All our sorrows, draped in black;
What our yesterdays have brought us,
What our yesterdays have taught us,
Will be of no advantage
If we're always looking back.

There's no use in looking back,
Every day and date recalling;
'Twas here we made good progress,
'Twas there we left the track;
Not by constant retrospection
Will we ever reach perfection;
The past is ours no longer,
There's no use in looking back.

There's no use in looking back,
Be the furrow straight or crooked,
Lest we should be disheartened
And strength and courage lack;
Through paths not always pleasant
We reach the golden present;
The goal is still before us,
There's no use in looking back.

There's no use in looking back,
And remembering with horror
Those weary days and hours
When the soul was on the rack;
For he who wins life's prizes
From grief and gloom arises,
And early learns this lesson:
There's no use in looking back.

We'll never reach the mountain
If we linger in the valley;
We'll never win the battle
If we never make attack;
And the foe we put behind us
May seek but fail to find us,
If we overcome the habit
Of forever looking back.

—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

"TIT FOR TAT."

Pretty Belle Sutherland sat before the fire that evening with the traces of tears on her cheeks, and bright drops still shining in the brown eyes, that her lover used to look so fondly into, and call "sweetest eyes were ever seen." And this same lover, now transformed into her liege lord and master, stood before a mirror on the opposite side of the room, tying his elaborate tie, with an unmistakable frown on his handsome face.

"I must say, Belle," he was saying just then, "I think you are extremely foolish. Because you will not go anywhere, of an evening, but are content to bury yourself here at home with the children, who have a good nurse to look after them, is no reason that I must do the same, and what is more you needn't expect it. I need some relaxation of an evening, and I am going to take it."

"You know very well, Arthur," said the little woman, blushing up at last, "that it's not your going out that I object to at all. It's the way you act when you are out. Didn't Mrs. Stetson tell me the other day that she was perfectly astonished when she found you were a married man, you acted so like a single one? And didn't Hettie Wilson tell me that that hateful little cat of a widow, Mrs. Ralston, declared that she was perfectly carried away with you, and her every other word was something Mr. Sutherland had said or done? Didn't you dance every set with her, night before last, while I was at home nursing baby through the croup?"

And here the brave voice broke down in genuine sobs.

"That little cat of a widow, as you call her, is the prettiest woman I have seen in many a day, and those other women are meddlesome gossips," and her husband slammed the door emphatically as he left the room.

Poor Belle felt as if her heart was broken, and was rising to go to her own room, where she could indulge her grief, when a gentle hand was laid on her shoulder, and she turned to face her sister.

"Belle, will you forgive me?" she said. "I have heard all between you and Arthur, for I could not make you hear me when I came in. Listen to me. I want you to treat your husband to a game of 'tit for tat'."

"But, Katie," began Belle.

"But me no buts," said the girl. "Listen to my plan, and you will see how it will work," and rapidly she unfolded it. "All you have to do, you see, is to go to Mrs. Stetson's party tomorrow night, and I will manage the rest."

"But, Katie, the children?"

"Didn't I say I would come every night and stay with them? Can't you trust them with me?"

At last Belle, conscious that something must be done, entered eagerly into her sister's plans, and the next day was spent by the two conspirators in arranging a costume that should make Mrs. Sutherland the admired of all admirers. And, indeed, she was worth turning twice to look at, as she came sweeping into the room where her husband was putting the finishing touches to his toilette. Her dress, one of the ravishing new shades of heavy silk, fitting her still fine figure to perfection; her beautiful brown hair elaborately dressed by Katie's deft fingers, with a single heavy drooping rose among the braids; and surely no eyes could be brighter than the brown ones that looked up at her husband, no lips redder than the ones that smiled at him.

"Why, Belle, what does this mean?" he said, looking at her in astonishment.

"Oh, nothing, only I have concluded to go with you to-night," was the reply. "Will I do?"

"Yes, but the children," he said, slowly.

"Oh, nonsense," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "It's all foolishness my staying with them every night when they have such a good nurse. Come! are you not ready?"

They were greeted with numerous exclamations of delight, as they entered the already crowded room. But Mr.

Sutherland soon found it was not his presence that had called them forth, but that of his wife, who soon found herself the center of an admiring circle; while her husband soon found himself, to use an expressive slang phrase, "nowhere." Not even the entrance of his charmer, the widow, could help him out, for she of course had an anxiety to see Mr. Sutherland's wife, and was soon standing at her side, having been introduced by their "mutual friend," Mrs. Stetson. And Belle, now thoroughly entering into the spirit of the thing, was smiling down at her, from her few superior inches of height, and talking in her most charming way, while she mentally decided that the widow was "not a bit pretty after all; green eyes and red hair! Pah! That she should even be jealous of that creature." And the widow, in a secret rage, was wondering how on earth some women kept that wonderful bloom on their cheeks that was so plainly not rouge, and how they kept the dark circles from under their eyes.

Belle could have told her, if she had cared, that it was early hours and a clear conscience, the tender caresses of little children, and all the sweet delights of home, that did these things for her. And Mr. Sutherland, standing a little to one side, and looking at the two, could not help comparing them, and wondering how he could ever have thought the widow pretty, when he had so much fairer a type of beauty at his own fire-side. Just then two gentlemen entered, one whom he knew, and one a stranger, and paused almost at his elbow.

"By Jove!" said the stranger, a very handsome man with the uniform and epaulettes of an officer of the United States Army, "who is that lady by Mrs. Stetson?"

"What," said his companion, "the little one in white? That is our belle, Mrs. Ralston."

"No, no!" said the officer, impatiently. "Not that little washed-out creature, but the other, that lovely woman on the right. Come and introduce me immediately."

And the next moment Arthur had the pleasure of hearing the handsome Colonel Ingerton introduced to his wife, and offer his arm for a promenade.

Why was it, although he joined the widow soon after, and played the devoted, as usual, all the evening, that the flirtation had lost its zest? Surely Mr. Sutherland was not very far gone, for that one evening was almost his cure. But when it went on this way for two weeks, and every evening he saw the handsome Colonel bending over his wife or clasping her in a waltz, it is no wonder that when one evening Belle entered the room, she found him in her old position before the fire, his head sunk moodily on his breast.

"Why are you not ready, Arthur?" she said lightly, pausing before him. "The carriage is waiting."

"I am not going," he said, without lifting his head to look at her.

"But why?" she said, buttoning her glove, and trying to speak in a careless, steady voice, though her heart was on her lips and the quick tears in her eyes, as she saw his despondent attitude.

"Why?" he said, at last, raising his stormy blue eyes to meet her. "Do you suppose it is any pleasure to me, madam, to go to these parties and see you, even after evening, all devotion to another man beside your husband and giving him not a word or glance?"

It had been her cue, then, to answer him lightly and scornfully, as he had so often done her, but her woman's heart failed her, and much to the disgust of Katie, she threw herself at his feet and sobbed out:

"O, Arthur! I can't stand it any longer. It's all a joke, made up between us to break you from flirting. Colonel Ingerton belongs to Katie. They have been engaged for years and she told him how to act, and, O dear, I am so sorry if you are really angry with me!"

Then, of course, he raised her and forgave her, and Katie, from her hiding place behind the curtain, shook her dimpled fist at them. He was not punished half enough she thought. But the lesson sufficed for his perfect cure, and that was all Belle wanted.

"After this, we will stay at home together, darling," he said that night.

"No, no!" cried Belle, who had also learned a lesson. "I have been silly and selfish. We will divide the time. Three nights out of the week I will go with you, and three you shall stay with me and the children."

And that was the way it ended.—*Benton's Monthly.*

—There exists in Montana, and the place is well known to many Montanans, a cave in which is piled an immense number of bones and skulls of bison, buffalo, deer, bear and smaller animals. These bones are carefully piled along the sides of the cave, and number thousands. It is supposed they were placed there by Indians. The writer of this has been in the cave and seen the skulls and bones. The cave is not over thirty miles from the line of the Utah & Northern Railroad, and is near the southern boundary of Montana.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Dr. Francis M. Nye saw the name of Dr. Francis A. Nye, of Harlem, in the *Medical Register* about a year ago. Thinking she might be a relative, he obtained an introduction to her. A comparison of family histories revealed that they were not related. A year's acquaintance proved that the coincidence of names and professions was also united with a coincidence of dispositions. Recently they were married. The bride graduated at the New England Medical College twelve years ago.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Corn-Root Worm.

The corn-root worm, in the form in which it affects the roots of corn, is a slender, white grub, not thicker than a pin, from one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch in length, with a small, brown head, and six very short legs. It commences its attack in May or June, usually at some distance from the stalk, toward which it eats its way beneath the epidermis, killing the root as fast as it proceeds. Late in July or early in August it transforms in the ground near the base of the hill, changing into a white pupa, about fifteen-hundredths of an inch long and two-thirds that width, looking somewhat like an adult beetle, but with the wings and wing-covers rudimentary, and with the legs closely drawn up against the body. A few days later it emerges as a perfect insect about one-fifth of an inch in length, varying in color from pale greenish-brown to bright grass-green, and usually without spots or markings of any kind. The beetle climbs up the stalk, living on fallen pollen and upon the silk at the tip of the ear, until the latter dies, when a few of the beetles creep down between the husks and feed upon the corn itself, while others resort for food to the pollen of such weeds in the field as are at that time in blossom. In September and October the eggs are laid in the ground upon or about the roots of the corn, and most of the beetles soon after disappear from the field. They may ordinarily be found upon the late blooming plants, feeding as usual upon the pollen of the flowers, and also to some extent upon molds and other fungi, and upon decaying vegetation.

There can be no further doubt that the insect is single-brooded, that it hibernates in the egg, as a rule, and that this does not hatch until after the ground has been plowed and planted to corn in the spring, probably in May and June. Although the adult beetles, when numerous, do some harm by eating the silk before the kernels are fertilized by the pollen, and also occasionally destroy a few kernels in the tip of the ear, yet the principal injury is done by the larva in its attack upon the roots. Although the roots penetrated by the larva die and decay, thrifty corn will throw out new ones to replace those lost. The hold of the stalk upon the ground is often so weakened that a slight wind is sufficient to prostrate the corn. Under these circumstances it will often throw out new roots from the joints above the ground, thus rallying, to a certain extent, against serious injury. As the results of numerous observations, it is seen that little or no mischief is done except in fields that have been in corn during the year or two preceding, and a frequent change of crops is, therefore, a complete preventive. Beyond this, the life history of the insect gives us little hope of fighting it effectually, except at too great expense, as the eggs and worms are scattered and hidden in the ground, and the perfect beetle is widely dispersed throughout the field.

This insect was first described by Say, who found it near the Rocky Mountains. Its ravages upon corn were first noted by Riley, in his report to the Department of Agriculture for 1878.—*Prof. Forbes.*

Established Order.

The great work of the year has commenced. A successful General in starting out on a season's campaign impresses on all inferior officers the importance of order, discipline, and a strict obedience to all of the rules of the army. Without this success is not only doubtful but seriously endangered. It is not less so on the farm. The owner and manager is the Major-General on the farm. Want of punctuality, neglect or carelessness on his part, carry confusion and defeat in all departments of the farm. The farmer must be punctual to his engagements, and in his home. If he is called away from the farm, his wife, and whoever has charge in his absence, should know exactly when he will return. There should be stated and uniform times for each meal, always giving the household ample time to prepare the meals as well as doing up the work after meals. Exact time for going to the field, and for returning in the evening should be established and strictly observed, giving all hands time to finish up the chores before dark, preventing causes of complaint or grumbling. Give loiterers who come about during working hours to talk and delay, to understand that there is time for business, but none for gossip. Farmers think they should be courteous to all callers. All gentlemen know the importance of time, on the farm, but such as do not know or appreciate time can be dismissed summarily without a breach of good breeding.

On the farm, and everywhere else, an intelligent, industrious and honest young man who works in the field, or a worthy girl in the kitchen, is as respectable as any specimen of humanity on earth, and the proprietor by his intercourse and dealings with them should make them feel their equality. Cultivate a good feeling between laborers and employer, and thereby benefit both financially and socially. Close up as far as possible the chasm growing up in this country between labor and capital. It is a growing evil, the results of which future history can only reveal.

Stay at home. Watch every department of the farm operations. Keep up a personal acquaintance with all your stock, so they will not flee from you as a stranger. Stimulate boys on the farm and female help to higher and nobler aims, by rewards and words of approval. And in all things observe order, harmony and punctuality.—*Iowa State Register.*

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